



Lachrymæ Lachrymarum
or
The Spirit of Tears,
Distilled
from the Blood of Bath
of
the incomparable Prince
PRESIDENT
by Josiah S. J.
The third



LACHRYMÆ LACHRYMARVM.

A FUNERAL ELEGIE.

The Argument, in an EPITAPH.

Here lies (Dry Eyes read not This Epitaph)
Hearlies Great-Britains Stay, Great Jacob's staff:
The stately Top-bough of Imperial Stemme,
World's richest Jewell, Nature's rarest Gemme,
Mirror of Princes, Miracle of Touch,
All Vertues Pattern, Patron of all Truth;
Refuge of Armes, ample Reward of Arts,
Worth's Comforter, milde Conqueror of Harts:
The Churche's Tower, she Terror of the Pope,
Horatius Henry, Atlas of our Hope.

—
cuer, shott of Others Art and Wit,
With powres for such a Part want;
Did light my Candle in the Sunne,
Or shal be better Done:



•

Could Troues and Feares give my Distractions leaue,
Of sobbing words a fable Webbe to weaue;
Could Sorrowe & Troues give my voice a vent;
Our world now shoud my saddest Verse lament,
In deepest Sighes (in stead of sweetest Songs)

This Letter (which no man will belongs:

To All the world, & to the Chrift:
To all the world, & to the world:

To All the world, & to the world CHRISTIAN NAME
To All the world, & to the world, far:

To All the world, except S.P.Q.R.

To All the world, except such parts,

To All the world, except such Armes, or Art:

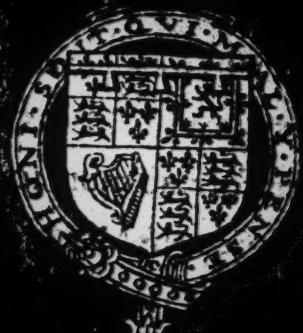
To All the world, except such art,



In whom, the Heauens were pleasd to shewethe Earth
A richer Jewell then the World was worth,
Or Worthy oftherfore, no more to make
So rare a Piece, His pretious Moukle they brake.

O soudain Change ! O sad Viceissitude !
O how the Heauens our Earthly Hopes delude !
O ! what is firme beneath the Firmament !
O ! what is constant heer that gives Content !
What Trust in Princes ! O ! what Help in Man,
Whose dying Life is burin length a Span !
What Showe befor the Mid-day Sunne ;
Passe as a Poste, that speedy by dooth runn ;
Swift, as the Current of the quickest Stream ;
Vain, as a Thought ; forgotten, as a Dream.

O Dearest H E N R Y , Heav'n and Earth's Delight !
O clearest Beame of Vertues, Rising bright !
O purest Spark of Pious Princely Zeale !
O surest Ark of Justice sacred weale !
O grauest Presage of a Prudent kinde !
O brauest Message of a Valiant Mynde !



O All admir'd, Benign and Bountious!
O All-desired (right) PANARETVS!
(PANARETVS (All-vertuous) was thy Name;
Thy Nature such: such ever bee thy Fame).
O dearest! clearest! purest! surest Prop!
O grauest! bravest! highest! nighest Hope!
O! how vntymelie is this Sunne gonie downe!
This Spark put out, This Ark (as) ouerthrowne!
This Presage crost! This Message lost and left!
This Prop displac't! This Hope of All, bereft!
O! How, vnkinde! How, gracielesse! How, ingrate!
Haue wee cut-off Thy likely longer Date!

For, were this strok from Heav'ns immediat hand;
Or (by Heaven's leave) from Hell's suborned Band,
Of ROMVLIDES (What dare not They presume?
If this, That Sea a Sulphuric Sea consume.)
How-er it were, we were the Mouing Cause
That sweet Prince HENRY breath no longer drawes.
Wee all (alas) haue had our hands hercyn:
And Each of vs hath, by some cord of Sinne,



Hal'downe from Heavn, from Justice awfull Seat,
This beaute judgement (which yet more doth threat).
Wee Clergie first, who too-too-oft haue stood
More for the Church-goods, then the Churches good:
Wee Nobles next, whose Title, euer strong,
Can hardly offer Right, or suffer Wrong:
Wee Magistrates, who, mostly, weake of sight,
Are rather faine to feele then see the Right :
Wee Officers, whose Price of euery Place
Keeps Virtue out, and bringeth Vice in grace:
Wee Gentles then, who, rack, and sack, and sell,
To swimme like Sea-Crabs, in a foure-wheeld Shell:
Wee Courtiers, next, who French-Italianate,
Change (with the Moon) our Fashion, Faith, and Fate.
Wee Lawyers then, who Dedalizing L A V V,
And deadding Conscience, like the Horse-leach drawe:
Wee Cittizens, who seeming Pure and Plaine,
Beguile our Brother, make our God our G A Y N E,
Wee Countrie-men, who slander Heav'n and Earth
As Authors of Our Artificiall Dearth:



‘*Wee Pourneyors, last, who taking tenn for two,
Rob both at once, our Prince and People too:
All, briefly All; all Ages, Sexes, Soits,
In Countries, Citties, Benches, Churches, Courts,
(All Epicures, Witt-Wantons, Atheists,
Mach-Aretines, Momes, Tap-To-Bacchonists,
Batts, Harpies, Sirens, Centaures, Bib-ali-nights,
Sice-sink-ap-Asses, Hags, Hermaphrodites)
And Wee poore Nothings (fixed in no Spheare,
Right Wandering Tapers, Erring cuery-where)
Scorne of the Vulgar, Scandall of the Gowne,
Haue pull’d this waight of Wrath, This Vengeance down;
All, All are guiltie, in a high Degree,
Of This High-Treason and Conspiracie;
More brute then Brutus, stabbing more then CAESAR,
With Two-hand-SINNES of Profit and of Pleasure:
And (th’odious Engine, which dooth All include,)
Our Many-pointed proude INGRATITVDE.
For, for the Peoples Sinnes, for Subjects crymes,
God takes-away good Princes oftentymes.*

So




So, good I O S I A H (H E N R Y ' s parallel)
Was tooon bereft from Sinfull I z a e l :
So our good E D V A R D (H E N R Y ' s p r e - c e d e n t)
For E N G L A N D ' s sinns was hence vntimely hent.
So heer, good H E N R Y is new taken hence,
For now Great-B R I T A N ' s , great sinnes confluence.

Wee leeth' Effect: wee haue the Cause confess :
O ! Turne wee then, with speed, to S a u e t h e r e s t :
O ! Turne vs, Lord ; turne to vs, turne away
Thy Frownes, our Fears, with humblest Tears wee pray .
O saue our S O V V E R A I N ; saue his Royall seed ;
That still his Owne may on his Throne succeed .

Let Each of vs make priuie Search within ;
And hauing found, bring forth the Traitor S I N N E
To Execution, with all Execration
Fenceforth renouncing such In Sin-newation .

Let Each of vs (as Each hath throwen a Dart ,
A Dart of Synne, at H E N R Y ' s princely hart)
Send vp in Sighes our Soules devoutest breath, (B E T H ,
To Shield our J A M E S , A N N E , C H A R L E S , E L I Z A -

And





And H I M whose *Lone* shall render H E R her *Brother*,
And make Her soone a happy *Princes Mother*.

Let Each of vs cease to lament (in vain)
Prince H B N R's Loss: Death is to H I M a Gain.
For *Sanoy's Dukelings*, or the *Florentine*,
He Wedds his *Sauionr*, of a Regal Ligne ;
Glorie, for *Gould*; for *Hope, Possessions (thear)*
Of Crowns so Richas never entred Eare,
Eye neuer sawe, nor ever Heart conceav'd;
So strong *Affur'd*, as cannot be bereav'd.

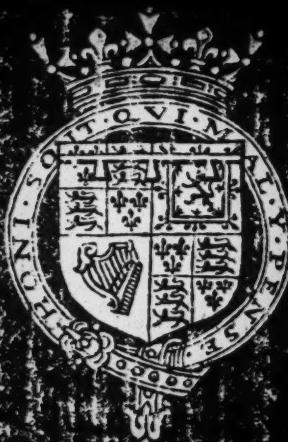
Waile not his death : His *Vertues* cannot *Dye* ;
Immortall Issue of E T E R N I T I E.

His Soule in Blisse beholds her Makers Eyes :
His goodlie Body shall more glorious *Rise*.
Weepe not for H I M : weepe for our selues, alas !
(Not for our private, or Peculiar case :
As, for our Sonn's, Brother's, or Master's slack,
Or Prince's losse (or Expectations wrack)
Our Places, Graees, profits, Pensions lost,
Our present Fortunes cast, our future crost)

C

Weepe





By R. Scobell, J.

Weep for our *Sinnes*, our *Wicked-Prouocations*,
Our haynous, horrid, high *ABHOMINATIONS*;
Both *seen* and *secret*; both in *Highand Lowe*:
Weep, weep for *These*; and stript, from *Top to Toe*,
Of guiddie-Gaudes, Top-gallant Tires and Towers,
Of Face-pride, Case-pride, Shin-pride, Shoe-pride, ours
(*Like N I N I V I T E S so neer Their threatned Fall*)
In blackest *Sack and Cinders shrowded All*,
Not like a *Bull-rush*, for a day or two,
To *stoope*, and *droop*, and *seem* as others *doo*,
(*As A C H A B yerst, and P H A R A O, in Distreſs*)
And then return vnto our old *Excels*
(*As Doggs vnto their Mewte, Hoggis to their Mire*)
But, day by day, vntill our last *expire*,
With bended *Knees*, but more with broken *harts*,
And i[n]ward rest of right *Repentant Parts*,
Proſtrate our *Soules* in *Faſting* and in *Praier*,
Before the *Foot-stool* of th' *Empyreal C H A I R*:
That So, What-euer *bloodie D E L V C E* float
From th' old *Red Dragons wide-wide-yawning Throat*,
Wee, *Humbled M o v r n e r s*, may be Heau'nly *Markt*,
In *M E R C I E's V eſſeſt* to be All *imbA R K T*.





AN EPITAPH.

WHEN Great French HENRY Fates bereft,
His Name and Fame to OVR S Hee left;
As ablest ATLAS Then, to proppe
The Waight of WORTH, the World of HOPE:
But, ENGLAND's Sinnes (a heauier Load)
So over-layd His Shoulders broad,
That, crushed downe, Heer lies HE dead.
So, HOPE is fall'n, and WORTH is fled.

ANOTHER.

WHOM All admir'd, whom All (almost) ador'd,
For all the Parts of all PANDORA's Treasure;
The Hope of All, to haue all Good restord;
HIM Ali our Ills haue slain, by Heavn's Displeasure.

By His (late) HIGHNESS

First Worke
&
Poet Pensioner

Isuah Syluester.



In Obitum Sereniss. Principis, H E N R I C I.

Occidit ante diem *Inuenit flos, gloria stirpis
Regalis, Patria spes columenq; sua.*
Occidit ante diem, *Patri populisq; Britannis
Flendus, & his iunctis fædere amore, sacris.*
Occidit ante diem, *gesturus Principe digna,
accelerasset ei ni fera Parca necem.*
Occidit ante diem, *virtutis & ubere fructu,
Et mundum exemplo funere destituens.*
Occidit ante diem, *si vota & commoda spectes
Publica, vel vitam si breuitate notes.*
Sin vitam spectes partam illi morte perennem,
Hanc iam, par Superis, occidit ante diem.

G.Q.

SONE TTO sopra il medesimo Soggetto.

Il fior de Prencipi nel fior de gl' anni,
Et delle nostre Speranze ora è tolto
Dalla spietata Morte (abi lasso) e tolto
A noi dolenti e miseri Britanni.
Anessun Popol mai diè tanti affanni
Morendo alcun gran Prencipe, per molto
Chi o fosse amato, quanti il nostro sciolto
Dal corpocì lascia e dolori, e danni.
Dal Ciel pareua ch'è cì fosse dato,
Perche del Padre Successor nel Regno
Fosse, e felice, e chiaro e'n Pace, e'n Guerra.
Ma cì vien tolto (ohime) dal Ciel irato
A danni nostri, perche di se degno
Stimollo, e indegna esser dì Lui la Terra.

Gual:Qnин.



In Pontificium exprobrantem nobis sextum Nouembris.

O Invidorum quisquis es, R o m v l i nepos,
Qui fatâ nobis exprobras *Nouembris*,
Crudelis audi: Nunquid autumas Scelus
Illud nefandum, sulphureum, igneum, Malo
Oblitterari posse succedaneo?
Ocellus orbis H e n r i c u s, quoquo die
Nouo beârit spiritu coeli domos,
Infame vestri nomen Ausi perpetim
Ad execrantes transuolabit Posteros;
Tantoq; deinceps atriore Calculo
Signabitur, quanto *ultimum H e n r i c i diem*.
Attingit usq; propius. Vnius docet
Iactura (quatuis Numinis dempti manu)
Quantum luisset Orbis, uno vulnere
Si tota Magni stirps I a c o b i regia
Tulisset vnum funus à vestro D i t e.

Indignabundus effutus,

Ios. Hale.

C-D

The same Englished.

*Against the Papist vpbrayding vs
with the sixt of NOVEMBER.*

VVhat-euer envious Romulide Thou art
 Vpbraid ft vs with NOVEMBER's fatal part:
O Cruel! Thinkft Thou, thinkft Thou, any Time
 Can, That nefarious, firie, Sulphurie Crime,
That hellish, horrid, bloody, readie-Deed,
 Blot-out, by any ILL that can succeed?
What-euer Day, Earth's-Dearling HENRY had
 With His Soule's presence made Heauen's Presence glad,
Th infamous Fame of your PLOT'S Prodigies
 Must ouer-flie to all POSTERITIE'S
Just Execration; and bee more abhorrd,
 The more it neers the Death of HIM, My LORD.
HIS Death, alone (though by the hand of Heauen)
 Shewes what a Wound You to the WORLD had giuen,
If Our Great IAMES, His royll Issue, all
 Had by Your Hell-Blowe had One FUNERALE.

By I.S.

FINIS.

Vpon
The vnseasonable times, that haue
followed the vnseasonable death
of my sweete Master,
Prince HENRY.

Fond Vulgar, canst thou thinke it strange to finde
So watery Winter, and so wastefull Winde?
What other face could Natures age become,
In looking on Great H E N R Y's Herse and Toome?
The World's whole Frame, his Part in mourning beares :
The Windes are Sighes : the Raine is Heauens Tearcs :
And if These Tearcs be rife, and Sighes be strong,
Such Sighs, such Tearcs, to these sad Times belong. (make
These Showrs haue drown'd all Hearts : These Sighs did
The CHVRCH, the WORLD, with Griefs, with Fears to
Weep on, ye Heauens ; and Sigh as ye begon : (shake.
Men's Sighes and Tearcs are slight, and quickly done.

I. Hall.

*Of the Rain-bowe, that was reported to be
seen in the night, ouer S^t. I A M E S, before the
Princes death; and of the vnseasonable
Winter, since.*

W^As euer nightly R A I N - B O V V E seen?
Did euer W I N T E R mourne in greene?
Had that long Bowe been bent by Day,
T had chased all our *Clouds* away:
But, now that it by Night appeares,
It tels the D E L V G E of our *Teares*.
No maruell R A I N - B O V V E s shine by Night,
When Suns yer Noone do lose their light.
I R I S was wont to be, of old,
Heav'ns Messenger to Earthly mold;
And now Shee came to bring vs downe
Sad Newes of H E N R Y 's better Crowne.
And as the *Easterne S T A R* did tell
The *Persian Sages*, of that Cell
Where S I O N 's King was *borne* and lay;
And ouer that same House did stay:
So did This *Westerne B o v v e* descry
Where H E N R Y , Prince of Men, should *die*:
Lo there This A R C H of Heav'nly state
Rais'd to the T R I V M P H of his Fate;
Yet, rais'd in dark of Night, to shewe
His *Glory* should bee with our *Woe*.
And Now, for that mens *Mourning* weed
Reports a Griefe not felt, indeed;
The W I N T E R weeps, and inournes in deed,
Though clothed in a S V M M E R weed.

I. Hall.

FINIS.

S V N D R Y
F V N E R A L
E L E G I E S ,
O N T H E U N T I M E L Y
Death of the most ex-
cellent P R I N C E ,
H E N R Y ;
L a t e , P R I N C E o f V V A L E S .

Composed by feuerall
A v t h o r s .



1613.

To the severall Authors of these surrepted Elegies.

After so many, vulgar, Icie Showers,
Be not displeas'd We shewe These Pearls of Yours;
Whose Orient Hue and Orbie Height, admir'd
Of enery Sort, is every-where desir'd,
As worthiest Iewells for the Front of Fame
When Shee proclaims All-Worthy H E N R Y 's Name:
Whose Honor is our only Aime and Scope;
Without impeachment unto Yours, we hope.
If any be mis-paire'd, or mis-plaq't;
Pardon (we pray) th'vn-Herald Printers haste:
Who only learn'd, at This late Funeral,
To marshall meanest, first and last of all.
If any grieue to undergoe the Pres's;
You All (almost) haue suffered it, for less:
If (which we feare) som-where we miss your Text;
Better inform'd, wee'l mend it in the Next.
But, if Our Stealth your Censures most incense;
Our B o o k may saue vs, for Our first Offence.

H.L. R.S.

A N E L E G I E
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
H E N R Y.

By G. G.

NOT as the people that are hir'd to crie
And howle at euery Great-mans Obsequie :
Nor as *The Wits*, that closely wooe Applause
By curious handling This sad common Cause :
Nor toucht in *My particular* at all ,
By any future *Hope*, or present *Fall*
(For, This Man's Eye was neuer cast on Mee ;
Nor could I dreame that euer it should bee) :
Nor do I, with the fashion, *Mourne in Black* ;
My Sorrow's in my Heart, not on my Back ;
Where I do weep, because Wee haue no Sense
Of true bemoaning greatest Excellence.
With idle Rimes wee blot white spot-les papers
(Whose best vse is to make *Tobacco* Tapers)
There, striuing to out-strip each others braine,
We shew how vainc we are, to shew our veine ;
Foolishly thinking, in a *measur'd Verse*,
A Losse beyond Dimension to rehearse.
When yeedo write of *Loue* and *pleasant things*,
Then smooth your Lines : but, in the *Losse of Kings*,
When all Eyes weep, and all true Hearts do bleed,
Please no-man with a Line that he shall read.
And, of This P H O E N I X, that is lately fled
To Life from hence, where all that liue are dead ;
Onely pronounce, but with a voyce of Thunder,
Prince H E N R Y's gon : and leauue the world to wonder
What Plot of *Prouidence* it is, to shewe
Such *Jewels*, and then snatch them from vs, so.

For,

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

For, What arc all the Words that All can say
Of H I M, to H I M, or Vs ? They neither may
Reach to His Vertues, nor Our Losse regain,
Comfort one Sorrow, nor asswage one Pain.
H E hath His Peace ; Wee, Grief ; all Times, His Glorie :
So yong so good was neuer found in Storie.

F. I N I S.

AN EPITAPH.

R Eader : Wonder think it none,
Though I speake, and am a Stone.
Heer is shrin'd Cœlestial Dust :
And I keepe it but in trust.
Should I not my Treasure tell,
Wonder then You might as well,
How the Stone could chuse but break,
If it did not learne to speak.
Hence, amaz'd : and ask not M E E ,
Whose these sacred Ashes bee :
Purposely it is conceal'd.
For, if that should be reveal'd,
All that read, would by-and-by
Melt themselves to Teares, and Dye.

Sr. P. Q.

F I N I S.

ELEGIE

I. E L E G I E
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,

H E N R Y.

By M^r. H O L L A N D.

HE that had told mee This, and said he dreamed,
A while agone, I should haue thought blasphemed;
Or him in *Bedlam* wisht for want of Reason;
Or at the Tower or *Tiborn*, for his T reason.

Poore I L E, that with thy Tides doost howerly alter,
Out-washt with waues, in-washt with Teares, but salter;
Wert Thou so lately to thy *Name* restored,
To haue thy brest so soon, so deeply gored?
Thy Face was with His Grandams Death confounded:
In His, thy heart is broke, or hugely wounded.
Thy Prince (ô mercie God!) whose Fate and Merite
Heer or in Heav'n a *Crowne* was to inherit;
And, heer hee had, but for our *good misfortune*:
For His life-giuers Life did Heav'n importune.
And there, he doth; yea there he liueth *Crowned*:
Nor is hee *dead vnles* our *Teares* him drowned;
Though in the Angells Crowd perhaps hee fainted,
Who throngd to see Him there both *Cround & Sainted*.
But as the *sacring* of the King now *regnant*
Wee long defer'd; and first prepar'd our pregnant
Teares for the Burial of the Queen deceased:
So leaue wee, now, the blessed *Soule* released,
Which (like the *Kinglie Office*) never dyeth;
And turn to that sweet *Corps* which lowely lyeth.

O *Rose*! of thousand *Damsels* late desired,
Whose crimlin hew their snowie bosomes fired;
The *Rose* of L A N C A S T E R, that fairely burned
In his fresh Cheeks, to that of Y o r k is turned.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Bleed Teares, ye *English* hearts, and haue Compunction:
Your Grand-Fathers wept blood for their *Dis-junction*.
The Flower of All this *Age* is now deflowred:
In Flower of all His Age him Death deuowred.
No *Catesbie* could do more, no *Faux*, nor *Percie*
(Of Hell the Fire-brands) nor haue shouen lesse Mercy.
Tell me, Ye that had Hell in Earth contriued,
Or, into Hell would hence haue digd or diued,
What Fiend it was, or of the Fiend what Member,
First tolde you of that fatal Month *Nouember*?
Twas not the *Fift*, he was a *lying Prophet*,
The *Sixt* it was (nor err'd he wider ofit):
Be That a Day of *Iubile* and *Thanks-giving* ;
But This a dismall Day of Grones and Grieuing.
The *Court* doth mourne, and all with *black* is walled,
Nor shall againe in haste *White-Hall* be called.
Yea, Wherc at *Tilt* and *Ring*, he vs'd his races
Is desert now : His presence fild all Places.
How oft, when asto *West-minster* I trudged
About my fist yeers Suite (but yet vniudged)
He cheered vp my heart (that was full heauie)
To see him ride before the beautious Beauie
Of *Ladies* bright that stood thereat amazed,
And with their Lights the Windowes double glazed !
The Horse had of his load more pride then feeling,
Now running, and now bounding, and now wheeling;
The Fire out of his ample nostrils glowed:
And with his mouth the ground along he snowed.
If once he neigh'd, no other Trumpet needed,
And like his Masters Eye or thought he speeded.
Thus oft I saw them for the race preparing;
His Horse the *Winde*, Himselfe all Commers daring.
His armour lightened, and his Staues did thunder,
So did the fierie Steed that flew him vnder,

Thon.

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Then brake He staues : But now Our Staffe is broken,
So are our hearts, although our hearts were Oaken :
For now, in stead of Steed, the Beer him beareth ;
No more His Steed the flying Center teareth,
But sadly walks before ; and will no faster,
For hurting her that must imbrace his Maister.
Lo, with the ground where lowe he lies and leuel,
The P R I N C E of Youth, who kept that life and reuell.
Light hearts He made : for when he lightly bounded,
No ground but Shoutes vnto the Musickesounded.
Nor shouldest thou be (ô Earth) if ought might woo-thee,
To Him more heauie then He was vnto-thee.
Art thou yet Earth, for all thy *Mines*, so needy ?
Or, by Our *Greediness* learn'st thou be greedy ?
We digge thy Womb for *Gold* (we are so cruell)
And digge it vp againe to hide our I E V V E L.
But This, which in thy Bosome *now* is hoorded,
Is worth what euer vs thou haft affoorded.
Our *Hopes* ranne on Him ; but his Fates ranne faster :
Nor lessthen our Desire is our disaster.
Ne shouldest our *Teares* then were our *Hopes* be fewer,
Which showre apace and make each Eye an Eawer,
Bach brest a Basin ; thence all *Hopes* be washed,
No loue extinct ; whose Flames there euer flashed :
And shall, till vs with him they burne to Cinders ;
And soon they would, but that our weeping hindres.
To bring in *Lee* to *This*, and *Coyle*, what needeth ?
From euery Eye, another T H A M E S proceedeth ;
Which neuer should Deaths Image see, nor slumber,
Till in the *South* they make a second *Humber*.
Eies weep out Teares : Teares weep out Eies, in Kindnes ;
For, next to Death, now best of Things is Blindnes.
When late his *Grand-dams* reliques were remoued,
Who would haue thought that it would thus haue proued ?

F V N E R A L E L E G I E S .

My life, and all I had, I durst haue pawned,
That Vault for Him would not so soone haue Yawned.
Where Him in her cold armes she now imbraces,
Who liuing warm'd all brests and stain'd all faces. (sure
Good Lord, how Time doth run ! we Months can mea-
But sive, betwixt our Treasorer and our Treasure.
Now all is gone, the reason may be noted
VVhy none is yet vnto the Place promoted ;
And He that best deserues of any other,
May sigh for Him, as for his Fathers Mother.
Alas ! there is no need : no Thief will offer,
Nor yet a Fool to rob an emptie Coffer.
One leaden Coffin doth our Gold enuiron,
And our more leaden Hearts are wrapt in iron.
So dull, so hard they are that none perceiueth
Of how much this His Death the Realm bereaueth.
Was this Hee (or did I my Selfe but flatter)
That of my Song should be the mighty Matter ?
This He that should heaw downe the *Turkes* like Cattle,
And I first fight, and after sing the Battle ?
Alas ! that Song must now be turn'd to sadnes :
All Mirth and Musicke are but Fits of Madnes.
Fy on the Face that makes a Mock of Sorrow ;
Or that, to grieue, a Cloak will beg or borrow.
True Griefe indeed, that cannot well be choaked,
Will finde a vent and needs not to be cloaked.
His Stormes of Sighes and Teares will soon be layed,
Whose head with one poore Riband may be staied.
Giue me a running Head : His braine is idle,
VVho giues not now vnto his Teares the bridle.
VWhere are the Wits which He him chose and cherisht ?
Are all braue Spirits with one Bodie perisht ?
The V N I V E R S I T I E S should make reheatfall
Of our sad Storie ; 'tis so vniuersall.

My

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

My Mother CAMBRIDGE (whom so *Phæbus* loueth,
As hardly from thy Confines he remoueth)
Are all thy *Muses* fled : thy Wits all brained ?
Or thy sweet Springs more then thy Marshes drained ?
And OXFORD, thou that didst taste oft his Bounty,
Who late at *Woodstock* feasted all thy County,
What is the Cause that both your Tongues be tyed ?
Are *Grant* and *Thames* and all your Fountaines dryed ?
You are the Kingdome's Eyes, to you it longeth
To weep what-e'er the Kingdom wounds or wrongeth.
Most Sorrow, through the Eyes, the Heart perplexeth :
But through the heart the Eyes this Sorrow vexeth.
For, King and Realme (which should I pittie rather)
Haue lost ; the King a Sonne, the Realme a Father :
VVhoſe Gifts, with longer life, God grant his Brother :
In all but age become He ſuch another.
And to His *numeral* Name (my Vow is thiftie)
Oh ! may He adde an hundred yeares and fiftie :
So may Her Mothers Image and His Sister,
Whosē pearly Eyes like both the *Indies* glister.
And would to God that Death ſo long had tarryed
While He had ſeen her fully woo'd and *maryed*.
But, oh ! the Mother ! how hath Shee bedewed
With liquid Pearle ſte bosome ſtuck and ſtrewed !
The Queen of Loue (O ! stay her there, ſhe soundeth)
With Sighes and Teares her brest both drains & drow-
His Bodie with those Teares let be embalmed, (neth.)
And to ſweet Odours thoſe ſad Sighes be calmed :
For, lo, the Spirit is flownen to God immortall,
VVhoſe House high *Heauen* is, and death the Portall.
So, VVe perhaps may giue Him worthy Buriall,
VVhoſe Toomb ſhould be another new *Eſcurial*.

Ille dolet vere qui ſine teſte dolet.

EPITAPHIVM

Ad Aram HENRICI CÆSARIS,
Principis WALLIÆ & Iuuentutis,

H. HOLLAND flevit fixitq.

C Rudeli Crudaq; Patri Patriaq; Ruina
Raptus, ut ethereis insereretur Anis:
HENRICVS modica (sanctū Caput!) inditur urna;
Maximus Ille, suo ni Genitore minor.

FINIS.



Looke

2. *ELEGIE*
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By Mr. DONNE.

L OOK to Me, *Faith*; and look to my *Faith, God*:
For, both my *Centres* feel This *Period*.
Of *Waight*, one *Centre*; one, of *Greatness* is:
And *R E A S O N* is That *Centre*; *FAITH* is This.
For into our *Reason* flowe, and there doe end,
All that this naturall *World* doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and *Equi-distant* hence,
Shut-in for Men in one *Circumference*:
But, forth' enormous *Greatnesses*, which are
So dispropoition'd and so angulare,
As is *God's Essence, Place, and Providence*,
Where, How, When What, Soules do departed hence:
These *Things (Eccentrique else)* on *Faith* do strike;
Yet neither All, nor upon all alike:
For, *Reason*, put t' her best *Extension*,
Almost meetes *Faith*, and makes both *Centres* one:
And nothing euer came so neer to This,
As *Contemplation* of the *P R I N C E* wee misse.
For, All that *Faith* could credit Mankinde *could*,
Reason still leconded that This *P R I N C E* *would*.
If then, least Mouings of the *Centre* make
(More then if whole Hell belcht) the *World* to shake,
What must This doo, *Centres* distracted so,
That Wee see not what to beleue or knowe?
Was it not well believ'd, till now; that *Hee*,
Whose *Reputation* was an *Extasie*.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

On Neighbour States ; which knew not Why to wake
Till *Hee* discouerd what wayes *Hee* would take :
For *Whom* what *Princes* angled (when they tryed)
Mett a *Torpedo*, and were stupefied :
And Others studies, how *Hee* would be bent,
Was His great *Father's* greatest Instrument,
And activ' st spirit to conuey and rye
This soule of *Peace* through C H R I S T I A N I T I E ?
Was it not well believ'd, that *Hee* would make
This general *Peace* th' eternall ouertake ?
And that *His* Times might haue stretcht out so far
As to touch Those of which they *Emblems* are ?
For, to confirm this iust Belief, that Now
The last Dayes came ; wee saw Heauen did allow
That but from *His* aspect and Excercise,
In *Peace*-full times, Rumors of *Warrs* shoud rise.
But now This *Faith* is *Heresie*: wee must
Still stay, and vexe our *Great-Grand-Mother*, D v s r.
Oh ! Is G o d prodigall ? Hath He spent his store
Of Plagues on vs ? and only now, when more
Would easē vs much, doth he grudge Misericie,
And will not lett's enjoy our *Curſe*, to *Dye* ?
As, for the Earth throw'n lowest downe of all,
'Twere an *Ambition* to desire to fall:
So God, in our *desire* to *dye*, dooth know
Our Plot for *Ease*, in beeing *Wretched* so.
Therfore *Wee live*: though such a Life wee haue
As but so manie *Mandrakes* on his Grave.
What had *His growth* and *generation* donne ?
When what wee are, his *putrefaction*
Sustains in vs, Earth; which *Griefs* animate :
Nor hath our World now other soule then That.
And could *Grief* gett so high as Heav'n, that *Quire*
Forgetting This, thcir new Ioy would desire

(With

FUNERAL ELEGIES,

(VVith grief to see him) *Hee* had staid belowe,
To rectifie Our *Errors* They fore knowe.

Ist' other *Centre, Reason*, faster, then?
VVhere should wee look for That, now w'are not Men?
For, if our *Reason* be our *Connexion*
VVith *Causes*, now to vs there can be none.
For, as, if all the *Substances* were spent,
'T were Madnes to enquire of *Accident*:
So is't to looke for *Reason*, *HEE* being gone,
The only *Subject Reason* wrought vpon.

If *Faith* haue such a chaine, whose divers Links
Industrious Man discerneth, as he thinks,
VVhen Miracle dooth joine; and to steal-in
A new link Man knowes not where to begin:
At a much deader Fault must *Reason* bee,
Death hauing broke-off such a Link as *Hee*.
But, now, for vs with busie *Proofs* to come
That w' haue no *Reason*, would prove we had some:
So would iust *Lamentations*. Therefore Wee
May safeliers say, that VVee are dead, then *Hee*.
So, if our *Griefs* wee doo not well declare,
VV' haue double Excuse; *Hee* is not *dead*, VVee are.
Yet would not I dye yet; for though I bee
Too narrow, to think *HIM*, as *Hee* is *HEE*
(Our Soule's best Bayting and Mid-period
In her long *Journey of Considering God*)
Yet (no Dishonor) I can reach *Him* thus;
As *Hee* embrac't the *Fires of Loue* with vs.
Oh! May I (since I liue) but see or hear
That *Shee-Intelligence* which mov'd This *Sphear*,
I pardon Fate my Life. Who-e'r thou bee
Which hast the noble *Conscience*, Thou art *Shee*.
I coniure Thee by all the *Charmes Hee* spoke,
By th' *Oathcs* which only you *Two* neuer broke,

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

By all the Soules you sight; that if you see
These Lines, you wish I knew Your Historie:
So much as You Two mutual Heavens were here,
I were an Angel singing what You were.



It

3. E L E G I E
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By S^r. WILLIAM CORNVALLIS

It is not Night; yet all the World is black:
The *Fiat's* past; and yet *Our Sunne* wee lack.
Now know *Ioyes* and *Griefs* are numbred, known
By our Capacities, not by their owne.
The Lord and Lown together mix their Plaint:
Some hearts doo swell, some pine, and other faint.
This *Grief's* much like a curious Painters hand
That meets all Eyes, which way so'er they stand.
Who had not layd his *Hopes* vpon Hⁱs head?
Who must not sorrow when his *Hopes* are dead?
If euerie common *Sorrow* forceth *Teares*,
And *Sighes* and *Grones* for Cognizance it beares;
Shall This vn-thought, vnparralleled *Lasse*,
This vinuersall Ship-wracke's *Grief* and *Crosse*,
Carrie no other Character of *Woes*?
Then such wherein the basest Sorrow goes?
Though wee could not his saddest Fate eschew,
Yet may wee pay his Memoric her dew.
Let then This *Grief* for euer fresh remain,
And binde wee our Posteritie to plain.
Lett's, to the *Revolution* of This Day
Of *Lamentations*, yearly Tribute pay.
Let all Times knowe our *Princely* H A R R Y's Name,
And let not *Age*, nor *Enuye* eat *His Fame*.
Oh ! let all Tongues be liuing *Epitaphs*,
And let them lead our Children to the paths
VVhich his wise, noble, pious Actionstrac't,
VVhere *Virtue* Hⁱm, and *Hee even Virtue* gracie.

FUNERAL ELEGIES

So graue and braue a Presence, so compos'd
That Grace and Terror both at once disclos'd
HIM and Themseues so, to the standers-by,
As His Commands were written in his Eye:
And yet, even then hee could as well obey;
For, to his Royall Father Hee did pay
A Sonn's and Subiect's dew Obedience.
Oh! how farre is't from our Experience,
To see great Fortunes truely moderate,
And purchasers of Loue, and not of Hate!
But, I haue not so manie Griefs to spare
(Nor shall this dropsic World suck vp my Care)
That, but to HIM and His vntimely Fate,
Could lend one Sorrow from my hapless State.
Yet, not vntimelie; since wee know 'tis reason
That Time should follow Time; and Season Season.
Hee bare ripe Fruite, eu'en in his verie Prime:
Nature, in Him made haste to out-runn *Time*.
Dull lazie Bodies passe not fast Careers:
Wise Men count Lyves by Actions, not by yeares.
Wee need admire no longer PHILIPP'S Sonne:
Neuer was Life in little better donne.
How did *Hee* gouern his will chosen Train,
Without Disorder or Luxurious Stain!
In His Howse, *Peace* and *Plentie* had their byding,
And *Hospitality* her Chief residing.
Never did Youth and Greatnes take their Inne
Where they were kept so spot-les without Sinn:
Nor ever did Authoritie lesse harme,
Which oft (alas!) doth *Vice* not *Vertue* arm.
No venome lurked in his harm-les Pleasures;
They were not Maisters of his Time nor Treasures;
Nor were they idle, or without an End:
But all, to som more serious Course, did tend.

Thus

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Thus did Hee vse Tennis, Balloon, and Foiles,
To make a well-breath'd Bodie fitt for Toiles.
Thus manag'd Hee Pikes, Pistols, Horses, Armes,
To be prepar'd against his Country's harmes.
How did *Hee* loue that rauisher of Soules,
Which, all base, muddie, earthly Thoughts controules!
(Had I *Prometheus* bin, in stead of Fire,
My Theft had bin the Songs of Heauens Quire.)
Yet here, His moderation kept her pase:
For, *Musiks* wanton part though He could grace,
As well as ever yet could Carpet knight,
And could adorn a Dance to please the sight
Of the most choise and curious Damsells eyes;
Yet held Hee that, among those Mysteries,
That neuer are, or can be better vs'd,
Then when, inforc't, they cannot be refus'd:
But, running, swimming, and such excercise,
As much more Masculine, hee more did prize.
Neither did These His brave and actiue Parts
Hinder his minde. For, though in pedant Arts
Hee were not lip-learnd: yet his Judgement knew
The Latitude of things; and how to view
The Court and her Invisibilities;
Which, seen, are not seen, often, by the Wise.
No Tongue can euer be to anie Eares
A trewre Treasorer of what it heares;
Not like a petty Stream, which cannot bear
The least accesse, but that it strait doth rear
His head above his Banks, or els must vtter
What is receiv'd, into some Ditch or gutter:
But like the Sea, where no accession can
Make't visible vnto the eyes of Man.
Wise *Secrecie*, the Ligament of Frends,
Was His, and His euer to noble ends:

For

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

For, by it, Hee read Men, in stead of Books ;
As Hee must doo, that into Kingdomes looks.
Times past by Entrailles vsed to presage ;
And Ours by Humors, Malice, Envie, Rage.
But, runn no farther in this Maze, my *Muse* ;
Hee knew Vice, but no Vice could e'r infuse
Her Poilon into His well ordered Minde ;
Religion there and *Conscience* were combin'd,
And made a strong and holy warr-like Fence
Against base, crooked Ends ; and Lust of Sense.
O ! Miracle of Nature ! how could'st Thou
Keep thy great Fortunes, that they did not bow
To Appetite, and Sensuall Delight ?
Since they that against the carnall Man doo fight,
Scarce trust themselves with life, for fear of Treason ;
What force had then Thy more then humane Reason,
Which in the midst of all that might allure,
Did yet the Castle of thy Minde assure ?
Wonder of this our *Age*, what Sorrow may
THEE, and *Thy heauie Losse*, to life display ?
Not My dull *Muse* ; which, while shee doth renew
Thy Memorie, knowes only what is dew,
But cannot pay thee. Grief hath already spent
My Bodie's store : But yet my Soule lament,
And in a silent Dove-like *Dirge* bemonie,
The loye and Beautie of the World is gone.
And yet, not gone : For though the VVorld contain
One only P H O E N I X , and that One is slain ;
Yet may our now next *Hope* another proue :
The same Sunne shines on H I M with no lesse love.
Pardon mee then, sweet P R I N C E , fair-blooming Youth :
As thou art raisd, so art thou set from Trueth
A Degree farther then thou wert, of late ;
Thou, now, with Others eyes must see thy State :
VVhich

F V N E R A L E L E G I E S.

Which though my Vowes shall wish may see aright ;
Yet can I not wish you a better Light,
Then the remembrance of your Brothers Geſts.

Whose Thought vpon faire past Examples reſts,
Hath honest Counſailors as well as wiſe :
In living Councells Paſſion often lyes.
The only Doubt is, that Examples past,
In other State-moulds, former-fram'd and caſt,
Are hardlie fittēd to these Times of ours.
But (noble Prince) This Fear need not be Yours :
It is your Selfe I ſett before your view ;
The Print of these faire ſtepps is fresh and new.
Farr in the World's Discouerie Hee ſaileſt ;
And, neither Sirens Songs, nor Rocks preualid
T' impeach His Course, or to diuert his way :
His Voyage donne, Hee reſts now in the Bay :
Hee came home richlie laden all with Harts,
Wonne by the Prowels of His iuft Desarts.
And now, deer Sir, your Courte beginneth next :
Take, I beſeech you, His, for Map or Text ;
And then dilate vpon it what your pleaſe.
I only warne you, Let not ſluggiſh Eafe
Benum your Senses : nor let hauſtie Flight,
With ſeeing only vp-ward, daze your ſight.
Man hath ynough to doo, where-ever plac't ;
And Greatnes is miſtaken, if not grac't
With Justice, Goodnes and Integrity ;
The wiſeſt and the laſteſt Policie.
For, no Lawe doth ſo deeplie penetrate
Into the veines and marrow of a State,
As th' Examples of Your lyues preſent :
Which ſilently drawe all Men to conſent,
And doo accord the Subiects hearts to Yours ;
Louc making ſweet the ſharpenes of your Powers.

F

Lastly,

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Lastly, to Thee, great King, faire spreading Palm,
Which at thy Comming all our Stormes didst calm ;
Now, I implore you to appease Your Owne:
These are but *Hopes* ; You, our Assurance known :
Vnder whose Shade this Iland doth posses
All kinde of Comforts and of Happiness ;
But, can no longer, if your Self giue-way
That discontented Sadnes shall betray
Your Peace, on which your Subiects Peace doth liue.
Pardon, dear Sir, if I complain, you give
More then your Owne ; Your Joyes or Griefes are Ours ;
And nothing but the Dispensation, Yours.
Should Clowdes for-euer shade the fruitfull Sun,
The Earth and all her Of-spring were vndon.
You are our Sunn: and from your glorious Beams,
The Happiness of all your Subiects streames :
For *Justice* sake, your Owne, and all this Land,
O're-come this great *Eclipse*; your Selfe command.
Your Happie-fortune you could moderate :
To make your Glorie complete, bear This Fate
With the like Temper ; that the World may know
Your happie *Greatnes* you doo only owe
To G o d and V E R T U E; which doo still advance
Their Votaries aboue the Power of *Chance*.

On

FINIS.

4. E L E G I E
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
H E N R Y.

By S^r. E D V V A R D H E R B E R T.

M^{vlt} HEE be Euer dead? Cannot Wee add
Another Life vnto That P R I N C E, that had
Our Soules layd vp in *Him*? Could not our Loue,
Now when *Hee* left vs, makethat Bodie moue
After *His Death*, one Age? and keep vnite
That Name wherein our Soules did so delight?
For, what are Soules, but Loue? since they do know
Only for it, and can no farther goe.
Sense is the Soule of Beastes; because none can
Proceed so farr as to vnderstand, like Man.
And, if Soules bee more where they loue, then where
They animate, why did it not appear
In keping *Him* alyve? Or, how is Fate
Equall to vs, while one mans priuate state
May ruin Kingdomes, when Shee will expose
Him to a certain Death; and yet All those,
Whose loues would giue thousands of liues for one,
Not keep alyue This P R I N C E who now is gone?
Or, doo wee dye in H I M; only as wee
May, in the worlds harmonick Bodie, see
An vniuersally-diffused Soule
Moue in the Parts, which moves not in the Whole?
So though Wee dy'd with H I M, wee doo appear
To live and stirre awhile; as if *Hee* were
Still quickning vs? Or doo (perchance) wee live
And knowe it not? See wee not *Autumne* give
Back to the Earth againe what it receiv'd
In th' early Spring: and may not Wee, deceiv'd,
Think that those Powers are dead, which doo but Sleep,
And the Worlds Soule doth re-vnited keep?
And though this *Autumne* gaue what neu'er more
Anie Spring can vnto the World restore:
May wee not be deceiv'd, and think wee knowe
Our Selues for dead, because that wee are so

Vnto

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Vnto each other, when yet wee doo live
A Life His Loue and Memorie dooth give,
Who was our World's Soule: and to whom wee are
So re-vnite, that in H I M wee repaire
All other our Affections ill bestow'd;
Since by This loue wee now haue such abode
With Him in Heav'n, as wee had heer, before
Hee left vs, dead. Nor shall wee question more,
Whether the Soule of Man be Memorie;
As Plato thought. Wee and Posteritie
Shall celebrate H I S Name; and Vertuous growe,
Only in Memorie that H E B was so,
And, in that Power Wee may seem yet to liue,
Because Hee liued once; though wee shall strive
To ligh-away this seeming Life so fast,
As if with vs 't were not already past.
Wee then are dead: for what dooth now remain
To please vs more, or what can wee call Gain,
Now wee haue lost H I M? And what else doth make
Difference in Life and Death, but to partake
Nor Joye nor Pain? O Death! couldst thou fullfill
Thy Rage against vs, no way, but to kill
This P R I N C E in whom weeliv'd, that so, we All
At once might perish by thy hand, and fall
Vnder This Ruine? Henceforth, though wee should
Doo all the actions that the living would,
Yet shall wee not remember that we liue,
No more, then when our Mothers wombe did giue
That Life wee felt not. Or should wee proceed
To such a wonder, that the dead should breed;
It should be wrought, to keep that Memorie,
Which being H I S, can therfore never dye.

OB

EINIS.

5. E L E G I E
On the vntimely Death of the
incomparable Prince,
HENRY.

By S^r. HENRY GOODYERE.

First, let me ask my Self, why I would trye,
Vnmeasur'd Griefs, in measur'd lines, to tie;
Or think poëtik Magick should enclose
In such a Circle All-surmouning Woes.
Next: let me ask my Hearers: Will not They
Think, I take part with Death, what-e'r I say?
For, Thus to measure, is t' Eclipse this Sunne,
And re-diminish him, as Death hath donne.
Him let me aske; Will not *Hee* think, that This
Som wrong to Him, and som de-merit is,
That I should be thus carefull to expresse
Our Losse, and leaue out His great *Happiness*?
Will not *Hee* think, that by lamenting Thus
His leauing of these Kingdomcs and of Vs,
Wee doo not towards his new-got Kingdome striue,
Where He is *Crown'd*, his Fathers both alyue?
But I'll aske none: I neither aske relief
Nor counsell now of anie, but my Grief.
Self-preserved moues me: I shall break
If I stay, thinking still, and doo not speak.
But, What? At least expresse thy Grief this way,
In saying that thou know'st not what to say:
Say, that It might be thought some peticie,
To grieue that thou griev'st not sufficiently;
As Charitie, in greatest Sinner's Case,
Admits such grief for some degree of grace.
Say, that As *Artists*, which pretend to take
Great Heights with little Instruments, doo make

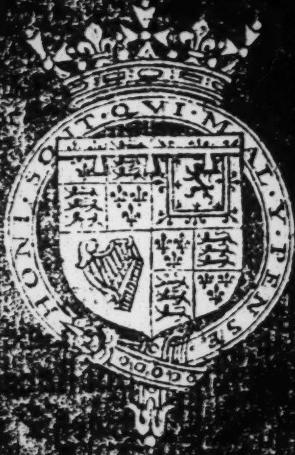
FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Vnpardonable Errors; so would I,
His Greatnes, Goodnes, or our Miserie
Thus to descriue, or who-soeuer shall
Work in this mist of Grief which shadowes all;
This Grief, that vniuersally so infects,
That each Face is a Glasse whence it reflects.
For, as who doth ten thousand Glassestry,
Receiuers his owne Face back into his eye:
So, if on twenty millions you light,
Each Face reflects your owne Grief in your sight;
Grief, which from vs must be deriu'd so,
As many Learned thought our Soules to goe,
By *Propagation*; and must reach to all
The After-born, like *Sinn Originali*.
And ther's now no way left vs, to preuent
This Miserie, except This Age consent
To burn all *Records of His Historie*;
To burn his *Tombe*, and euery *Elegie*;
To burn His *Projects* all; and so keep hid
All that was donne for Him, and what Hee did:
That so, our Heires may neuer come to knowe
His *Worth*, Our *Loss*; so to inherit Woe.
But, That were an vniust Impiety.
Better they suffer, then His *Worth* should dye.
Besides: t were Vain; since *Nature* hath, wee see,
Fore-told All (as it were) by *Prophecie*.
She made our World Then, when Shee made His *Head*:
Our Sense, Our Verdure, from His Brain was bred:
And, as *Two great Destructions* haue and must
Deface, and bring to nothing, That of *Dust*;
So, Our true *World*, This *P R I N C E S Head and Brain*,
A wastefull *Deluge* did and *Fire* sustain.
But, as Fore-sight of *Two such Wastes*, mad *S T A N D S*,
Ere & Two Columns, t ovt-liue the Worlds death;
Against

FVNERAL ELEGIES.

Against the F L O O D and F L A M E, of Brick and Stone;
In which he hath by his Prouision,
Preserv'd from Barbarisme and Ignorance
Th' ensewing Ages; and did re-advance
All Sciences, which he engraued There:
So, by our S E T H's Prouision haue wee, Heer,
Two Pillars left; where, what so-e're wee priz'd
In Our lost World, is well Characteriz'd.
The list'ning to this Soueraine Harmonie,
Tames my Grief's rage; that now, as E L E C I E,
Made at the first for Mourning, hath bin since
Employ'd on Loue, Joy, and Magnificence;
So this particular Elegie shall enclose
(Meant for my Grief for H I M) with Joy for T H O S S.

FINIS.



6. E L E G I E.
A Pilgrim's sad Observuation vpon
a disastrous Accident, in
his Trauaille towards the
H O L Y - L A N D.

What doleful Noise is This! What Shrieks! What Cryes?
Listen, mine Eares; Look out, my wakefull Spies.
A sable World I see; heare a sad Dittie
Of Many-Parts, would rend a Rock with Pittie.
Each hath his fashion, as his Passions sway:
And if I right conceiuē them, Thus they say;

The King. O! my Son, H E N R Y! O my Son! my Son!
Not as King David for his Absalon,
I mourne for thee, my Sonne, Mirroure of piety;
But, for My lack and losse of thy societie.
O great L A V V - G I V E R! Where is that Condition
Thou mad'st to those shewe filiall submission
In Honouring their Parents, To prolong
Their daies on earth? But, Thou dost no man wrong:
For Me, next Thee, boue all on Earth heprizid.
So, Hee with Thee in Heavnis eternizid.

2 Sam. 18
33

The Queen. Son of my womb, O Son of my desire,
How art thou quencht, prime Sparkle of my fire!
The World will now this Paradox maintaine,
An abhorrēd was borne when H E N R Y dipte
O Death, thou Thulstine Uncircumciz'd,
O that thou mightst with torments be chastiz'd,
Till here alioe my H E N R Y Thou restore:
But I (alas!) in vain my losse deplore.
Yet let me not in vaine Thy help intreate,
Thou All-restorer, only Good and Great.

Prou. 31.1
2 Sam. 14

1 Sam. 4

21

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Dan. 22.6 Who sayst, Kill not the yong ones with the Breeder ;
 My feeble Flock thou hast refst of their Leader,
 That to the Remnant should haue bene Defense:
 Heb. 13.20 But, T'hou, Great Shephard, canst this recompense.
 Then, to my tender Flock long safety giue;
 Gen. 19.20 Is't not a little-one, and My Soule shall live ?

The Prince. Good Brother (for, I cannot yet forget
 That Name, wherein our loues so often met.)
Brother, is this the pleasure that you do me,
 To leauue these Shadowes of your Honours to me ;
 And rob me of your Selfe ? in Whom, more pleasure
 I did conceiue, then in all earthly Treasure.
 Giue me your Selfe, againe : That was My Glory.
 Too well You teach me, These be transitory.
 They title Me, P R I N C E ; H I G H N E S ; & such other :
 All, Non to That, when You instil'd mee, BROTHER.

Pr. Eliz. Ah Me ! Liue I ? or do I dreame ?
 I see, Things be not, as they seem.
 Nor seeme they what they be indeed :
 He seem'd to liue, that now is dead ;
 Yet seems but dead : Hee is aliue,
 Where my best Hopes shall once arriue.
 There may I euer Him possesse :
 My Loss, This only may redress.

Prince. An Miser, an Felix reputer, Te (Maxime Princeps) :
 Palatino. Vidisse? Est, faelix qui fuit, ille miser.
 Gaudio me Miserum sine Te ; dum spes mibi detin.
 AEterna ut Tecum Prosperitate fruar.
 IDE interea Mecum Tua pulchra maneo :
 Quam mibi (si fas est dicere) dico Deam.
 Whether (alas !) shall I Mee weene
 Happy, or hapless, To haue seene

Thee,

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Thee, Noblest Prince? A Wretched State
It is, To haue beene fortunate.
Let Mee be wretched, while Thou bee
No partner in my misere;
And while I hope once to inioy
With Thee that euerlasting Ioy.
But, till I meet Thee blest, aboue,
Thy faire IDEA, my deer Loue,
Be still My Saint: at whose pure Shrine,
I may adore all Worths of Thine.

His Family. Ah, dearest Master! Mote we all haue dy'd,
T'haue ransom'd Thec from Death, that wert our Pride:
Our Pride (alas !) That was Thy Death: thy Death
Our Life yet may be, if thou mightst bequeath
Thy liuing Vertues to our dying Liues.
He dies not, who from Virtue lifederiuces.
No other Legacy we now expect
From thee; who liuing didst with care respect
Thy careful Traine: whereof experiment
Thou'gav' st in that thy Will and Testament.
Thy Will and Testament it prov'd indeed,
When to thy Seruants, Pensions were decreed,
Subscrib'd and signed by that gratiouse Hand,
Yer it the Pensioners did vnderstand.
This done, saydst Thou in priuate; *Next must I*
Relieue my poorer seruants Pouertie.
But, cruell Sergeant, Death, eftsoones arrested
Thy sacred Body; whence thy strength he wrested,
And Thee imprison'd, till thou didst him pay
The vtmost farthing of thy fatall Day.
Yet, thou hast left this glorious Bequest,
To all thy Seruants, that whereso we rest,

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Or wander through the World, yet we may say,
We were Prince HENRY's Followers. And may
We euer be his Followers, till we bee
His Fellow-saints in that ETERNITEB (wound?

Church. Why do we waile Him, whom our selues did
Or cry for Him, that's now with glory Crown'd?

Let's for our Selues, and for our Children weep:

And our hard hearts in brinish Teares let's steep.

Great is the Wrath now from the Lord proceeds:

The Plague is new begun; the VVound yet bleeds.

What? Such a Prince? So VVise? so Vertuous?

So Pious? so Benigne? so Valorous?

Such? such a Prince? and then, ev'n Then to be
Taken from vs, when Cause of Thankfull Glee
We had for that ~~Pawson-deliverance~~!

Now marr'd for euer with such heauy chance.

For, neuer shall returne *Fift* of Nouember,

But with remorse we must the *Sixt* remeber.

Nay: was he not ev'n on the *Fift*, a dying,

From death awak't with his Beholder's crying?

What might the Cause be, or what our Offence,

That should the Lord so vehement incense,

His Mercy into Worm-wood thus to turne,

Isay 3.24 And this our *Beauty* with such *Blasting burne*?

What is it else, but that we haue abus'd

This memorable Mercy, and refus'd

Quite to extinguish those *Hell-fierbrands*,

Whom for This Cause God put into our hands?

But, Is it He? This Innocent, that must

Be sacrific'd for This? That were vhiust.

In Mercy, rather He is taken hence,

Lest He should see the Evil's consequence

(Which hath but checkt vs yet) whose sad euente

We cannot shun, except we sooncrepent.

Num. 37

45

Isay 3.24

Nobil.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

Nobil. Faire Blossom! noblest Stem of noblest Stock!
How doth thy Blasting all our Boasting mock!
How shall we waile such Loss! whose Parallel,
Nor changeless *Truth*, nor boundless *Pame* can tell.
Greece could lament great *Alexander's* fate;
And *Rome*, her ancient *Worthies* celebrate
With Funeral Dirges: Euery Country can
Bemone their miss of some remarked Man.
Then, Let vs rise, and all those *Countries* range,
And of their Lamentations learne each change;
Sith all their severall *Worthies* worth, and more,
Was treasur'd vp in our One H E N R Y's store.

Clergy. Chariots and Horse-men of our I S R A E L,
Mounting from Earth to Heauen there to dwell,
What Euill didst thou fore-see on vs to come?
As if thou dred'st to see our future Doome.
Or what great Euill may not Wee foresee,
That of so great a Good despoyled be?
The Citie's Substance is the holy Seed:
Which, reapt, her neere Destruction is decreed.
The bold Star-gazers dare Prognosticate
Disastrous Accidents to Towne and State,
Within whose Clyme is Sun or Moon-eclipse.
Th' Effects win credit to their leasing lips.
And may not Wee more certainly diuine
What Wracks the great *Star-guider* doth designe,
When such a *Sun* falls from our *Firmament*?
A present Cause of dolefull Dreriment;
A sad Presage of I V S T I C E heauier hand
(VVithout Repentance) on this sinfull Land.
And now, vain World, what needst thou more be warnd
To leaue thy *Vanity*? Hast thou not learn'd
This Lesson yet by heart; that sith Hee's dead,
In whom thou mightst all Grace and Virtue read,

Esa. 6.13

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

In whom all worldly Happiness was plac't ;
No worldly Happiness can long time last?

Gentry. Heroick Chieftain, who our Hearts didst fill
With Valour, Hands with Weapons, Heads with Skill
To manage Martiall deeds; we did expect,
By thine auspicious Leading, to haue checkt
The proudest Saracen, or Mahumetan,
Tam'd the Barbarian, and wilde Indian:
But, dastard Death hath sounded his Alarmes,
Bidding vs rest in rust, and leaue our Armes.
For, he vnwares our Generall hath slaine,
Before he should his conquering blade distaine,
In Mars his Field, with Foes impurest blood;
With feare whereof they All astonisht stood.

Poets. A glorious Subiect of a Poets pen
(If Poets wits were Other then of Men)
Had H E N R Y been. But, where should Hee haue found
An Homer, or a Virgill, that might sound
The worthy Praise of his heroicks Deeds,
That gan already bud from Vertues seeds?
Nay : where's the Muse so rich, as can set forth
The halfe of short-lyv'd H E N R Y's long-lyv'd Worth?

Pilgrime. Full many Plaintifs more, full of Complaints,
In this sad Company bewaile their wants:
But, in such various wise, that infinite
It were for any wight to read or write.
I could but weep: yet might no longer stay,
But to the Holy-Land kept on my Way;
And on my Way went weeping: for, my Teares
Must be the Seamy brittle Vessel beares;
My Sighes, the Windes: my Faith the Sterne doth guide:
My Fraught is Charity, Hope, Anchor try'd:
God's Word, my Cardo; his SON, my Light; his SPIRIT
The Earnest, that assures me to inherit.

Patience

FUNERAL ELEGY.

*Patience, the Champion, conquers all Distress:
Heav'n is the Haven of all my Happiness.*

By his (late) HIGHNESS

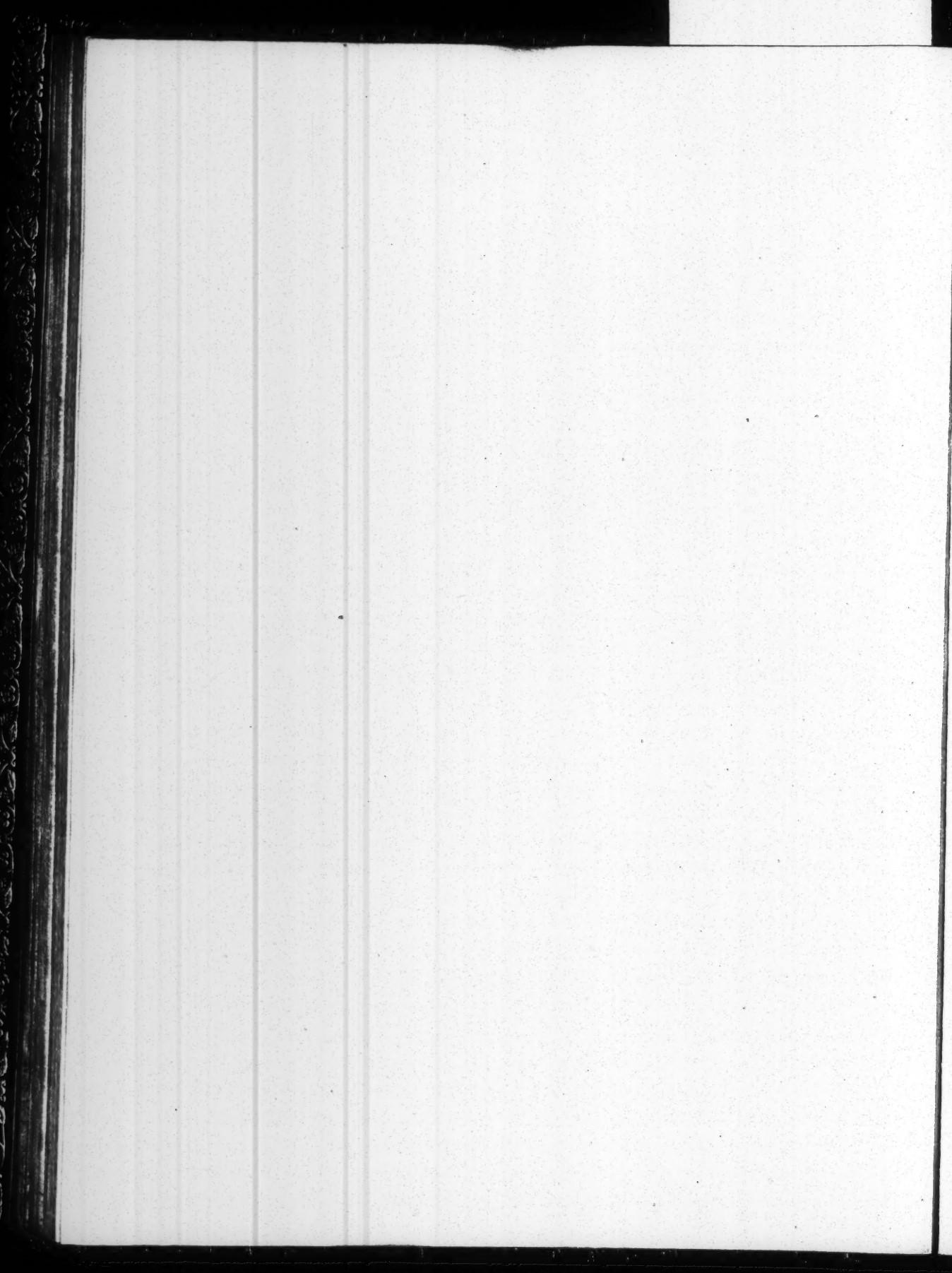
Seruant,

HENRY BURTON.

FINIS.



Sylvester, J.



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